

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME XIII.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1884.

NEW SERIES--NUMBER 400

EXTRAORDINARY ANNOUNCEMENT!

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF FINE CLOAKS!

BY

WELSH & WISEMAN, DANVILLE.

Owing to the unfavorable weather for the sale of Cloaks and having an unusual large stock on hand, the undersigned have determined to offer on Monday next, County Court day, and the week following the Entire Stock at A GREAT SACRIFICE! Ladies who have not yet bought their Winter wraps will find this a rare opportunity to do so. WELSH & WISEMAN.

WAR TO THE KNIFE! KNIFE TO THE HOLLOW!

NOW THE GENERAL SLAUGHTER BEGINS!

THE GREAT CLOSING - OUT SALE

AT

J. W. Hayden's Store,

STANFORD, KY.

Let the people read it in reeling italics. This is a bona-fide **CLOSING - OUT**, not a **CLEARANCE SALE**! Four Thousand Dollars sold in November; Ten Thousand MUST go in December. This is the week for the **Bloody Slaughter of Prices**! The biggest drives ever offered in Central Kentucky on First-Class Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Notions, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods, etc. Special Bargains in Overcoats. Gents' tailor-made Suits, stylish Hats, Gloves, Kentucky Jeans, Rubber Boots, Sandals, Arctics, Coats and Gossamers; Ladies' Wool Shawls, Skirts, Cloaks, Hosiery, Underwear, Fine Dress Goods, Trimmings. A special slaughter in medium Dress Fabrics, Ginghams, Flannels and Waterproofs. A fine display of Fancy Articles suitable for Christmas presents. The instructions to salesmen this week are: "Let 'em go! Sell 'em! Never mind the cost marks!" Now is the time and the Great Closing-Out Sale the place!

Having determined to quit the goods business on account of failing health, I have made up my mind to stand any sacrifice that is necessary to close out my stock at once FOR CASH.

"Beg your pardon, miss," remarked a Sunday-school superintendent-like-the-big-girls-lookin sort of a man, as he sat down beside a young lady who was wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "beg your pardon, miss; but I see you are in trouble. I offer you my assistance. Nothing pains me more deeply than to see a woman in distress. Women were made to be happy and it makes me sad to see you weep here with no one to comfort you. It always grieves me grievously to see a tear in a pretty woman's eye. I was drawn towards you by the magnetism of sympathy. Can I do something for you?" "Yes, you can," the young lady replied, withdrawing her handkerchief and showing one red eye and one saucy one, "perhaps if you will go in the next car and sit there for an hour the nasty mean cinder in my left eye will be attracted by your magnetism and follow you."

He went. —[S. Joseph Gazette.]

Siberia, with a population of over 4,000,000, has only two daily, one bi-monthly and two monthly papers.

JUST AS GOOD.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Boenink's Cough and Lung Syrup, unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are to be greatly deceived. Price, 50 cents and \$1.00, Sold by McRoberts & Stagg.

A JUST DECISION.—The decision of the Boston court that reporters can not be compelled to betray the sources of their information on the perils and penalty of contempt of court, is a judicial progression in consonance with the spirit of enlightenment. Such matters should be as much a privileged communication as the talk between a lawyer and his client or a physician and his patient. The reporter is one of the most reliable of instruments that can be invoked to bring crime to light and criminals to the bar of the court. Some of the best detective talent in this country is engaged on the public press in a reportorial capacity. And by the way, the press is a coadjutor of the courts in righting wrongs and in punishing crime, and should be encouraged rather than discouraged by the courts in contempt cases.—[St. Paul Day.]

CURE FOR PILES.

The largest cattle ranch in the country belongs to Richard King, of Texas. It comprises upward of 800,000 acres, all under fence, and nearly 200,000 head of cattle, horses and sheep. This ranch has been eagerly sought by English, French and Dutch capitalists, but the successful competitor is the United States Land and Investment Company, of New York, who have just concluded a purchase at \$6,500,000 for the entire property. The company anticipate an annual income of nearly \$1,500,000 from this source, as the increase of cattle is about 85 per cent.

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your great patient medicine." "It helped you didn't it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find necessary to take?" "Oh! I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

The writer of a recent fashion item to the effect that "draperies have not entirely disappeared but are very much simpler," had probably been gazed at a ballet troupe.

FREE DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rush at McRoberts & Stagg's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Boenink's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

A NEAT SUGGESTION.—This being an era of good feeling in the first degree, why would it not be a graceful tribute to a vanquished foe for Mr. Cleveland to invite Mrs. Lockwood to assist him in opening the inauguration hall?—[New York Tribune.]

Easy to See Through.

How can a watch—no matter how costly—he expected to go when the mainspring won't operate? How can any one be well when his stomach, liver or kidneys are out of order? Of course you say, "He can not." Yet thousands of people drag along miserably in that condition; not sick abed, but not able to work with comfort and energy. How foolish, when a bottle or two of Parker's Tonic would set them all right. Try it, and get back your health and spirits.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this country we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchis' Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or moat refunded—internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchis' Cathartican, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Uterian troubles, Induration and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhœa, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Blazing, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchis, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Druggists.

G. R. Waters REPRESENTATIVE.

D. H. Baldwin & Co.,

Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and Indianapolis, Ind., dealers in Steinway & Sons', Döcker Bros., Haines', J. & C. Fischer, Vose & Sons', Baldwin & Co., and Upton, and Square Piano Works; also the Estey, Steinway, and Haines Organs; Instruments sold at prices and terms to suit purchasers. Don't give your orders till you get our prices and terms. Post-office, Danville, Ky.

G. F. Peacock THE DRUGGIST.

HUSTONVILLE, - KY.,

Will be in the market with a better stock of

Christmas Goods!

Than ever before. Especial attention is called to a

Large Stock of Silverware & Jewelry.

Will compete in prices with anybody. Call and see them.

MURPHY BROS. Cincinnati, OHIO.

Manufactured in Cincinnati, Ohio, and sold throughout the United States. The firm has a large stock of the best quality of silverware and jewelry. They have a large number of articles in stock, and will supply any quantity required. Their prices are very reasonable, and they will sell at a discount to those who buy in large quantities. They have a large number of articles in stock, and will supply any quantity required. Their prices are very reasonable, and they will sell at a discount to those who buy in large quantities.

W. F. McClary -
is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county, subject to the action of the democracy.

JOHN H. MILLER -
is a candidate for representative of Lincoln county in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the democracy.

Saw Mill For Sale!

Having determined to change my business I am forced to (privately) sell my Saw Mill situated on Brush Creek in Lincoln county, Ky. The Mill is stationary; Boiler 40x11; Engine 10x22; Counter Shaft 24 feet. Edging Saw and trist Mill attached. The property is well-known and

In Good Running Order.

Timber plenty and accessible. I would be willing to exchange for good farm stock, such as Mules, Horses, Cattle, &c.

Persons wishing to engage in the lumber business will find a good opening by applying to

HUGH LOGAN,
Hustonville, Ky.

A Grand Combination

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL

—And the Louisville—

Weekly Courier - Journal

One year for only \$2—two papers for little more than the price of one.

By paying us \$2 you will receive for one year your home paper with the Courier-Journal, the representative newspaper of the South, distributed in the West, and for revenue in the West, brightest and most popular weekly in the United States. Those who desire to examine a sample copy of the Courier-Journal can do so at this office.

Stanford, Ky., - December 12, 1884

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:45 P. M.
" " South	1:55 P. M.
Express train " South	1:14 A. M.
" " North	1:45 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Tate & Penny.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Tate & Penny.

A complete stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Tate & Penny.

PERSONAL.

MR. H. C. BRINTON went to Louisville yesterday.

MR. MACK HUFFMAN is out again after a severe spell of illness.

MRS. MOLLIE COVATT, of Parkville is the guest of Miss Ellen Hallon.

MR. J. F. ROBINSON left for Columbus, Ga., yesterday to spend the winter.

MRS. JEAN BUCHANAN, of Crab Orchard, started to New York yesterday to visit Miss Ortenheimer and to join her sister, Miss Annie, who has been there several months.

MR. R. C. WARREN, Commonwealth's Attorney, is back from the Russell Circuit Court, where he succeeded in securing 90 indictments for various offenses, double the usual number.

MR. T. L. Crow and family will remove in a few days to his farm near Nicholasville. For that reason he offers at public auction a lot of fine stock which he does not wish to carry with him.

LOCAL MATTERS.

"LITTLE BAREFOOT," December 20th.

FRESH FISH always on hand. J. T. Harris.

100 to Warren & Metcalf's for Christmas goods.

FANCY CANDIES, Candy fruits and toys in great abundance at S. S. Myers.

BAIN fell all day yesterday. Lock out for a cold snap by to-morrow.

SEE and hear the gold band and orchestra with "Little Barefoot," Dec. 20th.

JUDGE J. M. PHILIPS sold a half acre of the John Cook land at Rielmond Junction to T. J. Shelton for \$400.

FOR RENT.—After January 1, the very desirable store room under the INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Address W. P. Walton.

The Bank will not be opened after to-night for two weeks, owing to the fact that the Little Barefoot Tramp will have the hall next week for rehearsal.

LINCOLN PRICE was fined \$30 for cutting Martha Matthews and not having to pay her with it to help him replace her will work it out on the rock pile.

By the dropping out of a figure Edington & Gandy were made to say in our last issue that they sold all-wool cashmere at 5 cents per yard. Since then they have had orders from all over the country. Of course 50 cents was meant.

Our stock of Christmas goods this year will consist of novelties in China and Glassware, Lamps, &c., Nuts, Raisins, Oranges, Lemons, Grapes, Bananas, and the finest and largest assortment of Candies ever brought to this market. Warren & Metcalf.

WEISU, WISEMAN & CO., the large Danville merchants, announce on our first page that they will begin the slaughter of prices on cloaks, next Monday, and when they say it means that they will be sold lower than ever heard of in these diggings. Money is very scarce, but a little will go a long way if you trade with them.

MR. J. C. RYDERER, of Gallatin, Tenn., writes that Capt. Spradlin and his corps of engineers have located the Cheapside and Nashville railroad to that point and prospects for the beginning of construction on the first of the year are very favorable. He regrets that our people take such little interest apparently in the road and believes with us that we should use every exertion to get it located through our country.

CREAMERY.—W. H. B. Taylor, representing J. M. Brent & Co., contractors and builders of creameries, is here this week for the purpose of raising a stock company to build and run a creamery at this place.

In meeting with fine success. The capacity of the establishment is to be 1,500 lbs., per day, though he demonstrates very plausibly that it can be run on a 500 lb. rate and make from 25 to 50 per cent. clear money for the stockholders yearly. A splendid location for the building is found at the Hulabon Spring on Mrs. Rochester's farm and it can be had for a reasonable amount. The capital stock is \$1,500 and for this amount the company is to erect the buildings and furnish the necessary apparatus to run it. There are plenty of cows in this vicinity to furnish cream for the 1,500 lbs. per day and it is given as a certain fact that the farmers can sell their cream at a greater profit than they can their butter, after the trouble and expense of making it. The creamery butter sells in any of the markets at about double the price of that made in the usual way, the present quotations in Cincinnati being 30 to 35 cents for creamery and 8 to 20 cents for the other. An established creamery at Lebanon is paying 35 per cent. and we hear good reports from the ones at Georgetown and other points. We are convinced that the enterprise will pay here and we hope our monied men can be induced to see it in that light sufficiently to furnish the necessary capital.

SECURE reserved seats for "L. B." Dec. 20.

MOSSE N. LANGFORD, has been commissioned P. M. at Langford, Rockcastle county.

I WILL open in a few days a full line of Christmas trinkets and fancy candles. T. L. Walton.

Look at this special drive for this month. Eighteen pounds best new crop N. O. sugar for only \$1. Bright & Curran.

WILLIAM FOSTER has secured auctioneer's license and is now prepared to make county sales or on the streets.

A FEROCIOUS looking wild cat was caught in the knobs a few nights ago by William Skidmore while he was coon hunting.

DON'T fail to go and see S. S. Myers' large stock and display of Christmas goods, the best place in town to supply your wants.

WILL COOK, a colored man who works on the railroad, had his foot and ankle crushed by a rail being thrown from a car on it.

PIPE INSURANCE.—In my absence Mr. N. T. Hughes will attend to anything pertaining to my Insurance business. Call on him at Geo. D. Wesen's place of business, T. T. Davies.

In remitting his subscription for another year Dr. J. W. Jackson, of Sherman, Tex., takes occasion to crow some over the 131,557 majority that the Lone Star State gave Cleveland and Hendricks. It makes him feel so good that he thinks of getting married in the spring.

We are pleased to be able to present our readers with the long looked for letter from Mr. Barnes. We have had hundreds of inquiries about him recently and were just on the eve of writing and asking him what was the matter, when "Hear the Lord," removes all doubt about his whereabouts and movements by falling into his old habit.

A TRUE BLUE DEMOCRAT.—After reading the account of Mr. Greenberry Bright's democratic record, Uncle Logan Dawson was lead to give us his for publication. He says: "I was born Sept. 23, 1806, therefore I am past 78 years old. I was eligible to vote on Sept. 2d, 1827. I think I cast my first vote for General Jackson, the old hero of New Orleans, in 1828. Here Uncle Green had got in one Presidential vote ahead of me on account of his advantage of age, but I have kept time with him up to Cleveland's election. I did not actually vote for Cleveland for the reason I was very sick and could not get to the polls. I suppose I will be allowed to count that vote; if so, it will make 11 votes cast by me for democratic Presidents, one less than by Uncle Green Bright. I can give you something further in democratic genealogy. My father was a democrat and raised 5 democratic sons. 1, the eldest, have raised to voting age 7 democratic sons and, strange to say, the 5 who are married all married in democratic families. The other two sons, one is dead and the other is not married. And remarkable again, my four daughters all married democratic husbands and both sons and daughters are raising up more democratic voters. Besides I have 2 grandsons who are of age and vote the democratic ticket."

FUZZING FROM THE WRATH TO COME.—There is nothing our boys so delight in as to "run" a greenhorn, especially if he be soft on the girls and is not especially complimentary in his remarks about the town. They have been playing the same old trick for years, but every now and then a fresh sucker bites at the alluring bait. A few weeks since there came to this place from Louisville a young man of the Jewish persuasion, who, while not particularly struck on the town, was disposed to do dastardly things to the pretty girls. The boys saw that there was fun for them in the youth and they accordingly laid their plans.

Another young Israelite was pressed into service and by representing that some young ladies had requested him to bring Mr. Sucker down to see them, so worked up the egotism of that young man that he could hardly await the appointed hour for his introduction. Tuesday night finally came and at an unusually early calling hour the two called forth. Arriving at the house of the alleged young ladies, a gruff voice ordered them off the premises and simultaneously twenty-five pistols belched forth their contents. The betrayer with a blood curdling shriek "I am shot," fell to the ground, while the betrayed depended upon his legs to take him from danger. Frightened out of his wits and begging at the top of his voice not after shot seemed to follow him, he finally fell and the prayer for mercy that he put up would have melted the heart even of a stone god. Fearing that he had been really shot, the boys hesitated about going to him, but finally a couple advanced. The poor fellow thought his time had come and pulling out his money and his bank book begged that his life be spared. In the name of his "poor mudder, his poor sister and his brudder" he besought them not to take his young life. "I am but 15 years of age (he is fully 25) and my poor old mudder told me not to come to Stanford." Incoherently he continued to implore his pray for mercy, but not until he had been assisted to his store did the real state of affairs dawn on his muddled mind. Then he wanted to fight his brother Israelite for betraying him and threatened long and loud to "cut his neck." The poor fellow paid dearly for his lesson, but it will be worth the cost to him. If he takes the matter so uncomplainingly that the boys haven't the heart to laugh at him and we feel as much compassion that we have withheld his name, because he told us if it got back to Louisville that he was the hero of the story he was ruined for life.

FOR SALE.—Bed-room set—bed, wash-stand and bureau—solid walnut, cheap. Call at this office.

J. W. HAYDEN is closing out to quit business and when he says he is selling below cost he means it. Do not delay to visit him and secure bargains.

We regret to notice in the Lancaster News, that our old friend and faithful composer, Capt. F. J. White, has suffered the loss of a part of his little finger. It is a pity that the old veteran should suffer inconvenience after his long and faithful life as a type-setter.

As is our custom we will issue two double numbers next week to accommodate our advertisers and to make our readers a Christmas present. The issues will be unusually interesting and advertisers will find that it will pay them handsomely to be represented in each number.

DEATHS.

—Of old age, Wednesday morning, at the residence of her son, Mr. W. C. Birnett, Mrs. Frances Barnett. She had turned her forescore years, 65 of which she had spent in the service of the Lord, having united herself with the Baptist church at the early age of 15. Her husband was called hence a number of years ago, but she had the consolation of four children, W. C. and H. G. Barnett, Mrs. Catherine Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Margaret Gooch, who still survive her. The funeral sermon was preached yesterday at Halle Gap Church by Rev. J. M. Bruce and the remains interred in the Adams graveyard.

RELIGIOUS.

—D. L. Moody, the celebrated evangelist will be in Cincinnati on the 16th, 17th and 18th.

—Francis Murphy, the great temperance lecturer, is again laboring in Pittsburgh. At his first meeting he secured over 2,500 signers to the pledge.

—Rev. W. S. Grinstead, of Lancaster, closed a protracted meeting at Gracey Lick church Friday which resulted in 37 additions. Mr. Grinstead is a Methodist minister converted under the preaching of Barnes and is quite popular in the ministry. He was raised in Clark near Pinchon.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—FOR SALE.—Ten good work mules by George Sambrook, Livingston, Ky.

—Wanted to buy 500 bushels of corn. George Sambrook, Operator Livingston Coal Co., Livingston, Ky.

—A lot of 1,200-lb. steers brought \$6.90 and 60 of 1,120-lb. weight brought \$4.45 per cwt. at a sale in Scott.

—R. E. Womack bought in Bowling Green of Jenkins & Wilson 14 head of mules 11 to 15 hands high, for \$1.45.

—C. W. Foushee sold his farm of 100 acres in Fayette county, on the Newtown pike, to Maj. John S. Clark, at \$150 per acre.

—Lexington court day as a market is hardly worth reporting. A few cattle sold there Monday at 4 cents and some milk cows at \$2 to \$3.

—A Southern exchange says that the market for Kentucky mules is exceedingly dull. Mules are cheaper now than they have been for many years.

—Robert Prewett, of Fayette, sold three hogsheads of new burley tobacco at Louisville as follows: \$13.25 for red leaf, \$8 for lugs, and \$7.40 for trash.

—George R. Carpenter has sold the gray mare that kicked him in the mouth to a party going South for \$120. Mr. C. is now able to walk around.

—S. M. Owen bought for McGowdin & Adams, Spencer, Iowa, 50 head high grade and thoroughbred cows and two-year-olds at an average of \$15. They were A No. 1.

—Bedford & Kennedy, of Bourbon, sold five cattle to N. Lehman which averaged 2,381, the heaviest tipping the beam at 2,505 lbs. Twenty head averaging 1,400 lbs. brought \$6. —[Kentucky.]

—L. T. Flynn sold 47 feeding cattle to Gay & Green, of Montgomery, at \$4.65. Thoont and Thaddeus Flampion sold 40 head of 1,100 pound feeding cattle to Joe Brown at five cents per lb.—[Winchester Democrat.]

—There is some demand for cattle in Cincinnati, but low grades are slow and weak. Prices run from 12 to 24 for common to 40 to 60 for shippers; stockers and feeders 30 to 42. Hogs are in fair demand ranging from \$6.40 to \$8.85 for common to \$4.50 for fat. Sheep are slow and weak at 21 to 4. In Louisville cattle are quoted all the way from 12 to 51; hogs 34 to 42 and sheep 12 to 31.

MY. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

We are to have a Christmas tree "and don't you forget it."

—Euchre is the popular game among the young folks up here.

—All our merchants are opening up their Christmas goods. They ought to advertise.

—Dr. J. J. Brown is having his dwelling house weather boarded and will have an additional room built at one end of the house.

—We had the pleasure of participating in a candy pulling, given by Miss Ella Joplin at the Joplin House, Tuesday night, and had an excellent time.

—Miss Mattie Williams is visiting in Louisville. Sam M. Burdett is at this place. J. D. Chandler and Wm. Floyd were here during the week. J. L. Whitehead is in Williamsburg this week.

—NOTICE—I have just received a large stock of hats, caps, and all kinds of woolen goods, which I am selling out at cost. Please call and look at my goods before purchasing elsewhere. I expect to change my business on the first of January, 1885.

P. L. Thompson.

GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Judging from the amount of toys and novelties displayed in the show windows of our business houses, we are to have Christmas on a large scale.

—The stock of drags which belonged to Mr. Burnside is advertised to be sold by the receiver, G. T. Higginbotham on Dec. 20th. This is a good chance for some druggist.

—Mr. Sam Peacock is an applicant for the postoffice at this place and has a numerously signed petition asking the President to appoint him. We know of no one who is better fitted for the office than Mr. Peacock and hope he will succeed.

—Messrs. Walton & Sweeney have brought up to this time about 50,000 pounds of tobacco at prices ranging from three to six dollars per hundred pounds. They estimate the entire crop in the country will reach the enormous amount of a million pounds. This will bring a large sum of money to the country and money in what we want.

—Positively the largest stock of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware and Musical Instruments of any house in Kentucky. I have the largest stock and can make you lower prices than any other house. For every \$1 worth of goods you buy from now till Jan. 1st, you get chance free in a \$200 Mandolin Musical Box with 16 inch cylinder. Remember the place J. C. Thompson's Jewelry House, opposite post-office, Lancaster, Ky.

—The Lancaster Cornet Band has reorganized, purchased new instruments and under the leadership of Mr. J. P. Sandifer have commenced practicing. Considering the number of good musicians that compose the band they ought to be able in a short time to furnish as good music as any band in the State outside the cities. The members are J. P. Sandifer, R. R. West, Louis Landrum, W. S. Miller, Beddo Morrow, Walker Landrum, John Duncan, Sam R. Fimnell and James C. Hemphill.

RELIGIOUS.

—D. L. Moody, the celebrated evangelist will be in Cincinnati on the 16th, 17th and 18th.

—Francis Murphy, the great temperance lecturer, is again laboring in Pittsburgh.

—The trial of Henderson Green and Jerry Mitchell for rape and house breaking was set for Wednesday, but on account of absent witnesses was postponed. Green is required to give bond for \$800 and Mitchell for \$150 for their appearance.

—Our town came near having a scene of bloodshed Tuesday night. Two of our citizens had a difficulty over a settlement and came near shooting it out. Had it not been for friends, there would have been blood spilt. As both parties are highly respectable gentlemen we will not call any names this time.

—From HUNSTONVILLE.—On the night of Friday last a horse was stolen near Willingburg in Washington county. On Saturday morning the thief presented himself at a Mr. Ferrell's, west of Hust

Published Tuesdays and Fridays,

AT
\$2.00 PER ANNUM

When paid strictly in advance. If we have to wait any time, \$2.50 will be charged.

Stanford, Ky., December 12, 1884

A Word to Young Democrats.

There are many thousands of young democrats who now fondly hope to get into office. There is a fascination about official position, however humble, that readily tempts even sensible young men, and often old men as well, to desert the content of industry and fugacity to enter the feverish, ill-requited and unsatisfying field of political mendicants. There is but one sensible answer to give to all such, and that is the advice of Punch to young folks about to get married—don't.

If any young Democrat imagines that the possession of office is a heaven of bliss, let him take a week and spend a few dollars looking over the now trembling official departments who have gone before. Let him go to Washington and look over the then sands of government subordinates there. Let him gaze into their shadowed faces; at the gaudy poverty that asserts itself in their apparel, and at the bowed and silvered who look to removal as starvation. Let the victims of this once pleasing ambition to be consulted, and the sensible young Democrat will return to his home and the content of honest industry, cured of office begging.

No greater unkindness can be shown to any young man of sense for subordinate public office, than to gratify the dream of his ambition by giving him a clerkship or tide-waterhip in one of the departments at Washington or in one of the city Federal offices. Of those who will seek office, not one in five will be successful; of those who are successful, not one-half will better their condition even for the present, and of the other half, only the bitterest will be their portion. Not one subordinate in five hundred ever rises above the position of a dependent. It is a worse than wasted life to many, a profitless life to all. Don't.—[Philadelphia Times]

A ten-ton tank wagon of oreosote was despatched from Newcastle, England, to the North. While it was passing along the Caledonian line at Blackford it was discovered that a brass plug three inches in diameter in the bottom of the tank, had used for emptying it had fallen out. The leakage was so great that the ground between the rails for thirty yards was covered with oil fully three inches in depth. The station master at Blackford and the porters endeavored to plug the hole with waste, but before the leakage was stopped the tank was nearly empty. By this time the stream of oil was over the north embankment of the railway into an adjacent field, where there is a drain leading to the river Allen, a distance of 150 yards. The oil, getting into the conduit, poured into the river, killing every living thing as far down as Dunblane. Thousands of fish lay dead in the river, no fewer than 30,000 being counted in one pool. The eels were killed, and a number of water rats were poisoned. The Allen is a favorite stream with anglers, but it is stated that years must elapse before the river is restored to the condition in which it was before the accident.

A newspaper proprietor advertised for an advertisement canvasser, and hastened of their fitness, as they applied, was to 't'll them to get out of the office that instant or he would kick them out. Several timid young men turned tail and left with great disgust, but one, more brazen faced than the rest, nothing daunted by the threat, he coolly sat down and said he would not go until his testimonial had been read. So he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and handed in his papers. "All I said the advertiser you'll do, I can see I don't want testimonial; your style is enough for me. No one will ever succeed as an advertisement canvasser who will be influenced by a threat to be kicked out any office."

After much experimenting, Dr. Richard son has found a satisfactory means of causing painless death, and has introduced it into the Home for Lost Dogs in London. The animals to be killed are placed in a chamber charged with a mixture of carbonic acid and chloroform vapor, when they tranquilly fall asleep and awake no more.

A farmer's wife says that three tablespoonfuls of ground Java coffee given to a cow in a mess will cure the scour, and a tea quantity given to a calf or pig will never fail to accomplish the desired result.

An Want Answered.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sore Throat, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or any ailment required. I guarantee to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Tate & Penny.

A Lawyer's Opinion of Interest to All.

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DARK DAYS

BY HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back."



"Too late! What can you mean? Has an other—"

I rose without a word. The room seemed whirling around me. The only thing which was clear to my sight was that cursed gold band on the fair white hand—that symbol of possession by another! In that moment hope and all the sweetnes of life seemed swept away.

Something in my face must have told her how her news affected me. She came to me and laid her hand upon my arm. I trembled like a leaf beneath her touch. She looked beseechingly into my face.

"Oh, not like that!" she cried. "Basil, I am not worth it. I should not have made you happy. You will forget—yes, I will find another. If I have wronged or misled you, say you forgive me. Let my hear you, my true friend, wish me happiness."

I strove to force my dry lips to frame some conventional phrase. In vain! words would not come. I sank into a chair and covered my face with my hands.

The door opened suddenly and a man entered. He was tall and remarkably handsome. He was dressed with scrupulous care; but there was something written on his face which told me it was not the face of a good man. As I rose from my chair he glanced from me to Philippa with an air of suspicious inquiry.

"Dr. North, an old friend of my mother's and mine," she said, with composure, "Mr. Farmer," she added, and a rosy blush crept round her neck as she indicated the now comer by the name which I felt sure was also her own.

I bowed mechanically. I made a few disjointed remarks about the weather and his dried topics; then I shook hands with Philippa and left the house, the most miserable man in England.

Philippa, married, and married secretly. How could her pride have stooped to a clandestine and secret manner of man who he who won her? However! he must be hard to please if he cared not to show his contempt to the light of day. Curious, cowardly villain! Still, he may have his own reasons for concealment—reasons known to Philippa and approved of by her. Not a word against her. She is still my queen; the one woman in the world to me. What she has done is right!

I passed a sleepless night. In the morning I wrote to Philippa. I wished all my happiness—I could command my pen, if not my tongue. I said no word about the secret of the wedding, or the evils so often consequent to such concealment. But, with a foreboding of evil to come, I begged her to remember that we were friends; that, although I could see her no more, whenever she wanted a friend's aid, a word would bring me to her side. I used no word of blame. I risked no expression of love or regret. No thought of my grief should jar upon the happiness which she doubtless expected to find. Farewell to the one dream of my life! Farewell, Philippa!

Such a passion as mine may, in these matter-of-fact, unromantic days, seem anachronism. No master whether to sympathy or ridicule, I am but laying bare my true thoughts and feelings.

I would not return to my home at once, I shrank from going back to my lonely heart and beginning to eat my heart out. I had made arrangements to stay in town for some days, so I stayed, trying by a course of what is termed gayety to drive remembrance away. Futile effort! How many have tried the same reputed remedy without success!



And this was her husband—Philippa's husband?

Four days after my interview with Philippa I was walking with a friend, who knew everyone in town. As we passed the door of one of the most expensive of the clubs I saw, standing on the steps talking to other men, the man whom I knew was Philippa's husband. His face was turned from me, so I was able to direct my friend's attention to him.

"Who is that man?" I asked.
"That man with the gardenia in his coat is Sir Mervyn Ferrand."

"Who is he? What is he? What kind of a man is he?"

"A bonapart. Not very rich. Just about the usual kind of man you see on those steps. Very popular with the ladies, they tell me."

"He is married?"

"Heaven know I don't. I never heard of a Lady Ferrand, although there must be several who are morally entitled to use the designation."

And this was her husband—Philippa's husband!

I clinched my teeth. Why had he married under a false name? Or if she knew that name, why had he introduced him to me? Was it false, why was it assumed? Why had the marriage been clandestine? Not only Sir Mervyn Ferrand, but the noblest in the land should be proud of winning Philippa.

Before you can understand my mental state, whether you sympathize with me or not depends entirely on your own organization. You are so constructed that the love of one woman, and one only, can pervade you-

pal. The more I thought of the matter the more wretched I grew. The dress that she had been in some way deceived almost drove me mad. The thought of my proud, beautiful queen some day finding herself humbled to the dust by a scoundrel's descent was anguish. What could I do?

My first impulse was to demand an explanation, then and there, from Sir Mervyn Ferrand. Yet I had no right or authority so to do. What was I to Philippa save an unsuccessful suitor? Moreover, I felt that she had revealed her secret to me in confidence. If there were good reason for the concealment, I might do her irretrievable harm by letting this man know that I was aware of his true position in society. No, I could not call him to account. But I must do something, or in time to come my grief may be rendered doubly deep by self-reproach.

The next day I called upon Philippa. She would at least tell me if the name under which this man married her was the true or the false one. Alas! I found that she had left her home the day before—left it to return no more! The family had no idea whether she had gone, but believed it was her intent to leave England.

After this I threw prudence to the winds. With some trouble I found Sir Mervyn Ferrand's town address. The next day I called on him. He also, I was informed, had just left England. His destination was also unknown.

I turned away moodily. All chance of doing good was at an end. Let the misrings whirl around me. The only thing which was clear to my sight was that cursed gold band on the fair white hand—that symbol of possession by another! In that moment hope and all the sweetnes of life seemed swept away.

Something in my face must have told her how her news affected me. She came to me and laid her hand upon my arm. I trembled like a leaf beneath her touch. She looked beseechingly into my face.

"Oh, not like that!" she cried. "Basil, I am not worth it. I should not have made you happy. You will forget—yes, I will find another. If I have wronged or misled you, say you forgive me. Let my hear you, my true friend, wish me happiness."

For myself I prayed nothing—not even forgetfulness. I loved Philippa. I had lost her forever! The past, the present, the future were all summed up in these words!

CHAPTER II.

A VILLAIN'S BLOW.

They tell me these are unmerciful enough to be able to crush out of their lives. Ah! not such love as mine! Times, they say, can heal every wound. Not such a wound as mine! My whole existence underwent a change when Philippa showed me the weddin-ring on her finger. No wonder it did. Hope was eliminated from me. From that moment I was a changed man.

Life was no longer worth living. The spur of ambition was blotted; the desire for fame gone; the interest which I had hitherto felt in my profession vanished. All the spring, the elasticity seemed taken out of my being. For months and months I did my work in a perfunctory manner. It gave me no satisfaction that my practices grew larger. I worked, but I cared nothing for my work. Success gave me no pleasure. An increase to the number of my patients was positively unwelcome to me. So long as I made money enough to supply my daily needs, what did it matter? Of what use was wealth to me? I could not lay my thumb on the one thing for which I craved. Of what use was life? No wonder that such friends as I had once possessed all but forsook me. My mood at that time was none of the sweetest. I wanted no friends. I was alone in the world; I should be always alone.

So things went on for more than a year. I grew worse instead of better. My gloom deepened; my cynicism grew more confirmed; my life became more and more aimless. These are not lovers' rhapsodies. I would spare you them if I could; but it is necessary that you should know the exact state of my mind in order to understand my subsequent conduct. Even now it seems to me that I am writing this description with my heart's blood.

Not a word comes from Philippa. I make no inquiries about her, took no steps to trace her. I dared not. Not for one moment did I forget her, and through all those weary months I tried to think of her as happy and to be envious; yet, in spite of myself, I shuddered as I pictured her lot as it might really be.

But all the while I knew that the day would come when I should learn whether I was to be thankful that my prayer had been answered, or to be prepared to keep my vow.

In my misanthropical state of mind I heard without the slightest feeling of joy or elation that a distant relative of mine, a man from whom I expected nothing, had died and left me the bulk of his large property. I cared nothing for this unexpected wealth, except for the fact that it enabled me to free myself from a round of toll in which by now I took not the slightest interest. And it but come two or three years before. Alas! all the two things in this life come without success!

Now that I was no longer forced to mingle with men in order to gain the means of living, I absolutely shunned my kind. The wish of my youth, to travel in far countries, no longer existed with me. I disposed of my practice—or rather I simply handed it over to the first comer. I left the town of my adoption and bought a small house—it was little more than a cottage—some five miles away from the tiny town of Roding. Hero I was utterly unknown, and could live exactly as I chose; and for months it was my choice to live almost like a hermit.

My needs were ministered to by a man who had been for some years in my employment. He was a handy, faithful fellow; honest as the day is long, stolid as the Sphinx; and, for some reason or other, so much attached to me that he was willing to perform on my behalf the duties of housekeeping which are usually relegated to female servants.

Looking back upon that time of seclusion, as a medical man, I wonder what would eventually have been my fate if events had not occurred which ones more forced me into the world of men! I firmly believe that brooding in solitude over my grief would at last have affected my brain; that sooner or later I must have developed symptoms of melancholia. Professionally speaking, the probabilities are I should have committed suicide.

Even in the depth of my degradation I must have known the dangers of the path which I was treading; for, after having passed six dreary months in my lonely cottage, I was trying to force myself to seek a change of scene. I shrank from leaving my quiet abode; but every day formed fresh the resolve to do so.

Yet the days, each the same as its predecessor, went by, and I was still there. I books, of course. I read for days together; then I would throw the volumes aside, and, with a bitter smile, ask myself what end was I directing my studies. The accumulation of knowledge! Tush! I would give all the learning I had acquired, all that a lifetime of research could acquire, to hold Philippa for one brief moment to my heart, and bear her say she loved me! If in the whirl of men, in the midst of hard work, I found it impossible to conquer my hopeless passion, how could I expect to do so living as I was at present!

"Who is that man?" I asked.

"That man with the gardenia in his coat is Sir Mervyn Ferrand."

"Who is he? What is he? What kind of a man is he?"

"A bonapart. Not very rich. Just about the usual kind of man you see on those steps. Very popular with the ladies, they tell me."

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Before you can understand my mental state, whether you sympathize with me or not depends entirely on your own organization. You are so constructed that the love of one woman, and one only, can pervade you-

very being, fill your every thought, direct your every action, make life to you a blessing or a curse! If love comes to you in this guise, you will be able to understand me.

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